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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 15.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. FEBRUARY 13, 1890.

WHOLE NUMBER, 765

TWO LESSONS.

BY S. D. BARNES.

"It won't do to bet on another man's game," remarked one of the group gathered around the fire in Dutch John's grocery. "I learned that years ago, and the fellow that cut my eye-teeth for me, was the same Ab Skinner who was elected to the last Legislature from Rawhide County."

We eat and smoked in silence. We were all old acquaintances of the speaker, and knew that there was a story forth coming, and it would be related without any urging from us.

"I met Ab first the winter I came down from the North," continued the narrator, after a slight pause. "We were both young fellows, then—I was visiting at Uncle Dick Scofield's ranch, and Ab was one of the cowboys—and we two were together a good deal, hunting and knocking around, and all our spare time we put in playing cards and shaking dice."

"Ab was a fair player, but I was fresh from Chicago, and up to all the dodges of a professional; and gradually pocketed all the loose change that he could rake and scrape; until finally, I got him down to bedrock, and had to hold up until Uncle Dick paid him his next quarter's salary. Then I fully intended to wade in and gobble the entire hundred and fifty, and pull back for civilization."

"It was a pretty scheme, but somehow it failed to work. Ab Skinner was doing a little scheming at the same time and his brain was clearer than mine."

"A week before pay-day, he went over to the 'circle bar' ranch, and when he came back I saw that he had been drinking, and was as happy as a wolf in a sheep-pen; but he simmered down again, and so things rocked on for a few days longer."

"We had just moved our cattle from the upper range and thrown them in on a little valley west of the shanty, where not a blade of grass had been nipped all summer long, and there they were feeding—four thousand head of 'em; and as wild a lot as ever waded a horn in a stampede. One day, about noon, as Uncle Dick was coming in from town, the whole herd lit out after him, crippled his horse, and nearly scared the old man to death."

"Them cattle are terrors," he said, as he slid off his horse, and spread himself out on the veranda, when Ab and I were talking to the Deputy Sheriff, who was down looking up some stolen stock—"I thought o' Dick was a gone coon, sure."

"They didn't like your looks," said Ab with a laugh. "You couldn't get 'em to run a genuine cowboy. I'll bet I could walk clean across to that knot yonder," and he indicated a little hill entirely beyond the herd; "walk over, understand, afoot, and alone, and never get a scratch from a horn or a hoof."

"I would like to bet you something on that," said I; and I had hardly spoken the words before Ab drew a buckskin bag from his pocket, and shook out a pile of silver and gold."

"There is fifty dollars," said he. "If you want to make some money easy here's your chance. The Sheriff will hold the stakes."

"Fifty dollars was just the size of my pile, and Ab knew it. I was positive that if Skinner made a break out in that prairie, one of them old Spanish steers would run him down in three minutes; but still I hesitated."

"Stick him, Charley," said Uncle Dick; "the dad-blamed fool will be killed, but that ain't your lookout. If you don't bet, I will!"

"I went over and handed Sheriff Smith the money, and as he put it in his hat along with Ab's fifty, the old man clipped in again."

"Bein' as you're throwin' away your money, Ab, why not give me some of it? That's that hundred and fifty I was goin' to pay you to-night—suppose I put it in the hat with as more, an' if you get through to the knot, Smith kin ride over and give you the hull wad."

"Good enuff," replied Ab, and in three minutes the Sheriff's old sombrero was looking like a second edition of the national treasury."

"Let's understand this thing," said Smith. "Ab lights out afoot, right now, and goes straight to the knot, and if he gets thar' the bust is his; is that right?"

"An' if he gets the hull side of his head horned off, or anything like that happens tew him, he don't git it," said

uncle. "Shank hands, Ab, before you go. You've bin a mighty good hand with the cattle, but I'll be pow'ful glad to assist at your funeral."

"Give me a good one, old man," grinned Ab as he jumped off the veranda and started for the knot.

"Come back," said Uncle Dick. "If you'll forfeit one-third, and own you're a fool we'll let you off."

"But Ab went ahead as though he had never heard him."

"The wind was blowing straight to the herd, and though the nearest steer was three hundred yards away, he seemed to scent the fun at once; for he threw up his head with a snort, walked out a few yards meeting Ab, and then, as he saw that his victim was coming directly toward him, the long-horn braced himself, and waited for his arrival. In two seconds, another big, red fellow trotted up, and took his position alongside; and then another, and another, until there was a wall of white horns, fifty yards long, barring Ab's road to the mound, and hundreds of cattle coming in every direction to take a hand in the frolic. A man afoot was a curiosity to them, with which they were evidently bound to become acquainted, if possible."

"They'll kill him in a holy minnit," muttered uncle Dick Scofield. "It'll be another sad gatherin' of friends around the cigar box that holds his remains. I tell ye, Smith, human life is terrible uncertain."

"Ab Skinner hain't," replied the Sheriff. "He's the luckiest fellow in forty-three states. I don't see how he's going to make it, but he'll come out somehow."

"Just then we saw Skinner stop and put his hand in his pocket. He had approached within sixty yards of the herd, and every hoof was watching him, with a general head shaking, and bellowing, that would have frightened a common man into fits."

"He's gittin' his gun," said uncle. "Mebby he thinks he kin bluff 'em with a little shootin', but he'll miss it, an' if he can kill two hundred dollars worth at six dollars a head, I'll try ter stand it."

"But Ab did not intend to shoot. He had dropped down out of sight in the tall grass, and as we were wondering what it all meant, we saw a tongue of flames leap up in the air, and rapidly spread, with the wind fanning it in the direction of the cattle at race-horse speed. Then the bellowing and scraping ceased; the wall of gleaming horns, fronted in the other direction, and the whole herd made a break for the bare hills, while Ab stepped in behind the blaze and followed."

"The smoke settled in the little valley and hid everything from view, and I, for one, was quite satisfied that it should be so. There was no danger to be apprehended from the fire—for the ranch was protected by a stream that the blaze could not cross with the wind against it—but I knew my fifty dollars was gone, and I felt as sour as vinegar."

"Uncle was feeling no better. He seemed to be paralyzed, and never made a kick about the fire ruining his range; and when three pistol shots from the knot notified us that Skinner had got through, he looked as though he had been sentenced to the 'pen' for life."

"The money is Ab Skinner's," said Smith, and we knew if we kicked we would have the Sheriff to kill, and not only him, but all four of his brothers; and they were all bad men."

"Tell him not to come back," said uncle, savagely, as Smith got on his horse, to deliver the stakes according to agreement. "Ab is a good fellow, but he is too smart. He would own the ranch in less'n a week."

"So! Dot vos der ray of it," put in Dutch John, soberly. "He gets your money, already, eh! Dot vos goot—I vos glad of dot."

"And that wasn't the worst of it," went on Charley. "If the matter had stopped there I wouldn't have minded it so much. But, you see, uncle and I tried to get even, and that made the business worse."

"I sent home for some money and only got a twenty; but by hustling pretty lively, and striking all the boys for loans, I managed to raise twenty more, and laid my plans to start north at once. Then, just about that time Uncle Dick sold a bunch of beef cattle to a drover, and I went with him to deliver them at Rawhide City, and there we met Ab Skinner once more."

"If any of you fellows were in Rawhide City in '76, you know what sort of a place it was then. For general all-

round meanness, I don't believe that little burg was ever equalled. The worst men in the southwest flocked there by the dozens, and gambling and shooting was the order of the day. The 'Golden Spur Saloon' was the headquarters of the very worst citizens, and not a day passed without a knife or six-shooter being used on some of its customers. There had been a fight there the morning we got into town, and an unoffending spectator killed with a stray bullet. The next day the proprietor knocked a Mexican in the head with a wine bottle, that night two cowboys stood on opposite ends of the billiard table, and exchanged shots with army revolvers."

"It's the worst hole in the Union," said Uncle Dick to Ab and me. "A man's life would be in danger there if he had on a suit of b'iler iron. I agreed with him, but Ab turned up his nose and laughed."

"They know who to fool with down thar," he said. "They're the worst kind of bluffs—the hull crowd of 'em. Why, I'll bet I could go down an' cuss the hull crowd, and get away without a scratch."

"Uncle Dick nudged me with his elbow and grinned. 'You're gassin', Ab,' he said. 'Talk's cheap, but it takes money to back it.'"

"I've got it," replied Skinner. "Put it up then," said Uncle, 'or else hush.'"

"I saw Sheriff Smith in town," said I. "Suppose we get him to hold the money."

"The proposition suited the others, and we found our man and stated the case. Ab was to go to the 'Golden Spur,' and deliberately insult the whole crowd that might be there, from the bar-keeper down. If he got away unharmed, the money was his; if he was killed, or wounded in the least, the whole sum went to uncle and me. I invested every dollar I had, and the old man covered the rest of Ab's money, some two hundred dollars."

"Smith took a stand next door to the saloon where he could see the fun; and uncle and I went inside, and getting behind some whiskey barrels, out of range of the door, waited for Ab to show up. There was a big crowd in the 'Golden Spur'—forty at least; and all of them howling drunk. Every man sported a revolver, and some of them two, and there was a half dozen Winchester stacked in the corner."

"I reckon we'll get even with Skinner this time," said I, and Uncle Dick was so tickled that he set up the drinks all around."

"Just as the glasses was filled, I heard the tramp of hoofs outside, and a horse's head was stuck in at the door; and over it and beyond, I caught a glimpse of Ab Skinner and a big double-barreled shotgun."

"You know me," he yelled. "I am Ab Skinner—a white man and a gentleman—and too good to mix with the drunken, cowardly cut throats that hang around this ranch. Do you hear me?"

"Yes, they heard him. Six-shooters gleamed all over the room. The proprietor leaped over the bar with a Sharp's carbine in his hand, and Uncle and I hugged the whiskey barrel closer than ever."

"Then two shots were fired, the two barrels of Ab's shot gun—in quick succession, and as the smoke filled the room it seemed to me that my eyes had been torn from my head, and I had swallowed a bushel of fire. In the midst of my agony I listened for more shooting, but failed to hear it. Instead the air was filled with coughs and sneezes mixed with loud and broken bursts of profanity. I did not know then, but I learned afterward, that Ab's gun contained, in lieu of shot, about sixteen ounces of snuff and Cayenne pepper, with enough powder behind it to blow it into the room, and scatter it well through the atmosphere. It was a devilish, cruel scheme to work on a fellow, and if the men of Rawhide City could have caught Skinner that night they would have burnt him at the stake without a dissenting voice."

"A half-hour later Uncle Dick and I were down on Rawhide Creek, with about forty more tough-looking citizens, washing the snuff and pepper from our eyes, when Deputy Smith strolled up, and tendered us a slip of paper set forth in Skinner's unmistakable scrawl, that—'The bearer has paid over the money placed in his hands, and will hand you two dollars and fifty cents to be invested in eye-salve and blue goggles.' And that was the last I heard of Ab Skinner until I got the news t'other

day of his election to the State Legislature from the same Rawhide County, where he gobbled all of my small change, ruined all the prospects of my return North, nearly put out my eyes, and broke me off betting on another man's game."—*Yankee Blade.*

A Honest Dead Beat.

WHY A DETROIT CITIZEN FELT GOOD AT HIS CHARITY.

"Dead beat? Well, maybe, maybe not; can't always tell. Just the other day I had an experience that taught me a lesson."

So spoke a well-known citizen yesterday, a man having a national reputation for his many charities.

"How was that, sir?"

"I was coming up West Fort street one bitter cold night. A poor, ragged fellow stopped me on a corner. He said he was hungry. He didn't mind that though. He wanted to raise enough money to go to Toledo."

"Yes."

"I gave him a small coin and went on my way."

"Yes."

"Next night I happened up the street again. At the same corner I was stopped again. I gave the stranger a close scrutiny. It was the same man who had halted me the night before."

"Yes."

"He wanted to raise money to go to Toledo. I saw at a glance that he did not know me. He was hungry, but he didn't mind that. What he wanted was to go to Toledo."

"Yes."

"Well, I gave him a small coin and went on my way, wondering whether my aims had done good or evil. But as he asked in charity I gave in the same spirit and argued that the spirit was all the justification the deed imposed."

"Yes."

"Well, the third night I happened down that way again and—"

"And you met the same man?"

"Yes, sir."

"And he said he was hungry?"

"Yes, sir."

"But that he didn't mind that, all that he wanted being to get to Toledo."

"Yes, sir."

"And you allowed yourself to be imposed on three times straight?"

"Yes, sir."

"Give him a coin?"

"I did."

"Then you deserve no sympathy! You were humbugged from the word go. That man was an awful liar!"

"That is just the point! I thought so myself—until I picked up the morning paper and read this item:

"TOLEDO, January 24.—James Scoville, a stranger, was killed between this place and Wagon Works last night while trying to steal a ride on No. 5, had walked all the way from Detroit and was heading for Toledo. In his pocket was found a letter addressed as above, forty cents and a card of the Bethel lodging house, Detroit."

"Then, that was your man?"

"My man? Yes, sir, and honest, too, though beggared by fate. Thank God that I did not refuse him in his last request."

Three Times Dead.

A SOLDIER WHO READS HIS OWN OBITUARIES AND STILL LIVES.

"I don't look much like a fellow who has had his obituary written three separate times, do I?" said Colonel Albert Barnitz of Cleveland, as he sat in his parlor at the Kimball one day last week. "I look hale and hearty enough I suppose, yet I have been mourned for dead. Once—and I well remember the time—General Custer leaned over me and bade me good-by, promising that my body should be sent to Cleveland for decent burial. The doctor had just told me that I couldn't live twenty minutes; now poor Custer's gone, and well, I'm here yet."

"I served through the war in the Second Ohio Cavalry, one of the most noted regiments in the service. It campaigned in eighteen States and one Territory, marching an aggregate distance of 27,000 miles. It served in five armies and participated in ninety-five battles and engagements, losing in killed and disabled upward of 2,200 men. I had the honor to command the regiment during the closing campaigns about Richmond, including the battles of Dinwiddie Court House, Five Forks

Sailors' Creek and Agomattox, and its achievements during that period are part of the official history of the war."

"After the war I was commissioned in the Seventh Regiment, United States Cavalry, and served with General Custer in arduous Indian campaigns on the great plains, marching many thousand miles and participating in numerous engagements with the hostile tribes. I have been supposed to be mortally wounded on different occasions, the last being in an Indian engagement known as the battle of the Washita. The ball passed through my body, entering near the heart and passing out near the spine, and the medical officers sorrowfully assured me that I could not live twenty minutes. The word went forward as usual that I was dead again, and so my old friend Murat Halstead, of the Cincinnati Commercial wrote up my obituary in good style, and for the third time recounting how I had written poetry in my youth, and had corresponded for his paper during the war, and how I had distinguished myself as a poet, journalist and warrior. He may even have shed a tear or two as a parting tribute."

"A few weeks later I surprised him by calling upon him to pay my respects as I passed through Cincinnati on a leave of absence. I thought he appeared a little disgusted to be again confronted by the apparition of one whom he had so often glorified as dead. At all events he said on parting: 'Barnitz, the next time you are killed I am just going to say 'Barnitz is dead.' I am tired writing obituaries of you—and all to no purpose.'"

A Negress 108 Years Old.

Beneath the sheltering roof of a faithful son, in the outskirts of St. Joseph, lives a colored woman, Jane Harvey, who is 108 years of age. She was born in Bourbon county, Ky., on Oct. 17, 1781, to 'Mammy Harvey,' a negro woman owned by Colonel Harvey, who like most other negroes, took the name of her master, lived about the Kentucky plantation. Then Col. Harvey made up his mind to leave Kentucky and venture still further west. So he gathered his family, consisting of about fifteen negroes, several sons and daughters, and started. On they pushed until he halted his caravan where Glasgow, Howard county, Mo., now stands, and staked off his land and patiently waited for the country to grow up with him. But the colonel paid nature's debt long ere the country was grown, and all his property reverted to his oldest son, Dr. Henry Harvey, whom 'mammas' affectionately refers to as 'ole massa.'"

The climate of Missouri seemed to agree with Jane Harvey, for her strength, agility and sturdiness increased with each passing day. She worked in the fields, assisted the choppers in the woods, baked the hoe cake, fetched the water, minded the children and rode horseback into the settlement with never a complaint. John Harvey was another slave, and a good slave he was too, if mammy is to be believed. Jane was about 20 years old when John realized the first throbs of a new born love. He was assiduous in his attentions, and the first thing she knew John had entered her young life so thoroughly and completely that she hailed with joy massa's permission for her to become John's wife. So one bright May morning she took her dusky lover's hand and made the vows that bound her to him until death did them part. The union was fraught with blessings in the shape of divers and several pickaninnies, and when John had seen his Jane become a mother for the fifth time he died."

Her widowhood was of brief duration, for, as she recalls it, in 1807 she again became a wife, and by this union had nine children, seven sons and two daughters. The sons grew to manhood, and were strong, healthy men with progeny when the war broke out. Five of these sons entered the Union army, and two of them died on the battlefield. Her oldest living son is now 80 years old, and lives in Sheridan county, Mo. At the close of the war he chose the name of George Washington, and possesses that proud name even now. Until six weeks ago mammy lived with him and her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, but then Robert, who is 57 years old, went down to visit her, and brought her to his home at 2,013 Mulberry street.

She relates with positive humor her journey to this city. In the 108 years of her existence she had never ridden on a railroad train, and, as she expressed it, 'I war skeered at fast, but liked it to'able well after.'

A reporter called on Mammy Harvey the other afternoon and found that she was out visiting at the home of her son, William Bunce (who had adopted the name of a former master). William lives back of his brother Robert, and is 74 years old. An inquiry addressed to her regarding the number of direct descendants rather puzzled the old lady.

"Well," said slowly, 'I don't zactly know how many I hev got. I counted over a hundred gran'chillun one day when I got ter thinkin' 'bout it. I've had fourteen children, an' all ob 'em hed lots o' chillun, too. My youngest darter's got fo'teen, an' she ain't but fifty-fo' years ole.'

Here her son Robert interrupted her and stated that she has 123 grandchildren, with several precincts to be heard from. Mammy was not quite sure about it, but believed at last accounts that she had forty-six great-grandchildren and twelve great-great-grandchildren. If this be so, and there is no reason to doubt it, then she is responsible for 196 people in four generations a record of which the old woman feels justly proud. Mammy has never worn glasses in her life, and she eats about everything, notwithstanding the absence of all but three teeth. She only partakes of two meals a day, and entertains a devoted fondness for corned beef hash, hoe cake and mush. She goes to bed nightly at 9 o'clock and arises promptly with the light of day. Her figure is stout, and her weight is about 170 pounds.—*St. Joseph (Mo.) Correspondence N. Y. Sun.*

A Battle Royal.

THE TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH AN ENORMOUS EAGLE.

Near Holman, Ind., last Thursday Thomas Howell saw an eagle of immense size hovering over the farm of John Kane, and arming himself with a rifle started to bag the bird. His three dogs followed him. A well-aimed shot brought the eagle down, wounded in the wing. Howell attempted to gather him up, but retreated rapidly before the fierce resistance of the bird, although assisted by his three dogs. The bird attempted to carry the war into Africa by following and attacking Howell, but failed on account of his crippled condition. With the assistance of more men the bird was finally captured and taken to Howell's home, but the eagle had to be shot three times before he could be handled. He died after being in captivity three days. Howell then cut him up and divided wings talons, etc., among the neighborhood as trophies. It is estimated that the bird was two hundred and fifty years old. He measured seven feet four inches from tip to tip and weighed one hundred and four pounds. His talons were seven inches broad and his claws one and a quarter inches in length. It was the largest eagle ever shot.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Vernet, the great French painter, was coming from Versailles to Paris in the train. In the same compartment with him were two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely—upon his martial bearing, his hale old age, his military pantalons, &c. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud the three travellers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were accusing each other of having been kissed by a man in the dark. Presently they arrived at Paris; and Vernet, on leaving them, said, 'Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, 'Which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?'

A young Englishman who went to clerk it in the Argentine Republic was so unfortunate as to indulge in public intoxication soon after his arrival in the country, and was astonished when, after being arrested and arraigned in court, he was sentenced to eight days' labor on the streets, instead of to a fine.

Skeletons Exhumed.

AN INDIAN CEMETERY DISCOVERED IN NEW JERSEY.

Full one-half of the people living within a radius of five miles of Edgewater and Pleasantville have flocked to the site of the unearthed tomb of the people who at one time ruled that land. Eight skeletons were taken up at one place and others have been found. Among the skeletons was one whose skull was found encased in tortoise shell ornaments, oyster shells and beads. It is probable that of the once powerful chief Kinewaugh, whose descendants still live along the shore. Four skeletons were dug up there and a little further on more were found today. Before the avenue is completed probably hundreds will be exhumed.

Gigantic Enterprises.

ENORMOUS STRETCHES OF RAILWAY THAT ARE CONTEMPLATED.

The Russian Government will begin next spring to build its 4,500-mile railroad across Siberia. This is a big undertaking, and its estimated cost is \$220,000,000. This is an age when the cost of any project, however enormous it may be, provided it gives promise of a reasonable source of profit, is never considered an obstacle. Large sums of money, almost beyond human comprehension, are raised without any apparent difficulty. Such a scheme as bridging the English Channel easily finds willing capitalists eager to undertake it. A scheme to pin the three Americas together by a gigantic railroad thrust through them like a needle has already taken shape, and an association has been formed to carry the plan into execution.

102 Years Old.

Captain Jack Haynes, the engineer in charge of the elevator engine at the Pagan building, is 102 years old. As he stood in front of the structure the other morning no one would have placed his age at over sixty-five years, and there would even have been some misgivings as to his being quite that venerable. Nevertheless, it was in 1787 that the old engineer came into this world, his birthplace being in the then wild and unsettled region of Tennessee. Like nearly all Tennesseans, the centenarian is a six-footer, chews tobacco, and loves a good story. He is active, healthy, spare in figure and only slightly bent with his wonderful weight of years, and possesses the eyesight of a frontiersman.—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Case of Sacrilege.

A DETROITER WHO INTERPRETED THE LAW HIS OWN WAY.

"I want to report a case of sacrilege," he said as he stood at the desk in the Central Police Station and held a faded handkerchief to his red and swollen eye.

"Very well," answered the sergeant. "Over here on Gratiot I met a man. He owes me \$122. I dunned him for it. He called me a liar."

"Well?"

"I am no fighter. Never licked a man in my life. I turned and walked up the steps of the church to get rid of him, but he followed me and punched me in the eye."

"You must get a warrant for assault and battery."

"But isn't it sacrilege?"

"I don't think so."

"But I do. It's sacrilege on top of assault and battery, and if he doesn't get five years for it I'm no good! Of course it's a sacrilege. Wasn't I on the church steps? Didn't he haul off and hit me in the eye? If you don't already know you'd better learn that there's a heap of difference between whaling thunder out of a man on the steps of a church or licking him in a beer garden."

And he went away looking very mad out of the eye left uncovered.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The new Southern industries department of January the 10th issue of the Atlanta Southern Industrial Record details 355 new manufacturing enterprises inaugurated in the ten cotton States during the past two weeks, employed over \$7,000,000 capital. This does not include the many new railroad enterprises detailed, employing many millions of dollars capital, developing vast extents of country rich in minerals, coal, timber and agricultural lands.

Providence Independent.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.
E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.
Thursday, February 13, 1890.

The new rules lately adopted by the Directors of the Poor of this county will be generally commended, most particularly the provision which has for its object the better classification of the inmates and for increased accommodations for the aged and infirm residents of the almshouse.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, editor of the Philadelphia Press, has been appointed by President Harrison, as Minister to Russia—the dominions of the Czar. The appointment is a very good one. Editor Smith is a brilliant newspaper writer and a thoroughly educated gentleman.

W. D. HEENER, a prominent Republican of Lansdale, has announced his candidacy for the State Senate. His next movement should be to capture that Lansdale correspondent who spreads himself so wickedly in the last issue of the North Wales Record, and hold him in bondage indefinitely.

The bill to promote individual helplessness and pauperism still engages the waking hours of Senator Blair, and upon every possible opportunity he forces the Senate to listen to his threadbare arguments. For some time to come Mr. Blair will utilize the spare time of the Senate. Ultimately Blair's bill will doubtless be defeated and then the statesman will perhaps proceed to originate another crank measure.

By the proclamation of President Harrison, Monday, one-half the Sioux Reservation in South Dakota was thrown open to settlement. This tract, which contains 11,000,000 acres and is about two-fifths the size of the State of Pennsylvania, is said to be very fertile. It will furnish homesteads for about 70,000 families; and is to be sold at the lowest government prices, about \$1.25 per acre.

The constable question was raised in two of the counties of Judge Butcher's district, Union and Snyder, and he decided that the Constables chosen last February were elected for three years under the new law. Judge Mayer of Clinton, Rockafellow of Northumberland and Yerkes of Bucks have all concurred in that decision, while there has been no adverse decision by any Judge that we have heard of. It would seem to be reasonably safe, therefore, to assume that the Constables chosen in February, 1889, were elected for three years.

THE County Commissioners of this county have reduced the tax-rate one-third. The county tax is now two mills. This information will be cheerfully received by the tax-payers of Montgomery, by the farmers in particular.

The County Commissioners are good housekeepers. They do not believe in exacting more money from the people than is really necessary to meet the economical expenses of the county.

If the national public servants will now reduce the indirect taxation in the shape of excessive tariffs resting upon the farmers, the farmers will yet see brighter days. Lookout for a political cyclone when the farmers make up their minds to demand common justice in the matter of taxation.

THAT Lackawanna county jury could have been bought cheap after Judge Connelly closed his reprimand, the other day. The jury had declared one Patrick Loftus not guilty of selling liquor without a license and placed the costs upon the county, in face of the fact that Loftus himself had on the witness stand sworn that he had violated the law. Then Judge Connelly told the jury they were a disgrace to the county, that their action made a farce of a court of justice, and furthermore publicly disgraced them, by discharging them from further service and directing their names to be preserved so that none of the twelve should hereafter be drawn as jurors in the county. Judge Connelly served that jury just right, and he deserves much credit for his action.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent.
WASHINGTON D. C., Feb. 7, 1890.—In the Senate no opposition is shown to the proposed extensive addition to such government buildings as the White House, the Interior department and the government printing office. Perhaps inconvenience experienced by the Senate itself in finding suitable committee rooms has awakened some sympathy for others. The agitation is no new one. Every session much is promised in this line and nothing done. No one doubts the necessity but the desire to show small appropriations

holds back favorable legislation. In the meantime land in the business portion of the city goes steadily upwards in price, and sites for new buildings could have been purchased ten years ago, or even five, at from one-half to one-tenth their present values. What prices will be in five or ten years it would be daring to conjecture. With millions in his pockets and land going up, Uncle Sam does not purchase what he needs more and more every day.

Senator Morrill told the Senate the other day, in his careful review of the subject, that the government is paying over \$100,000 per annum in this city for rents. Some of the buildings rented are old dwellings, awkward and unsuitable to the purpose, and not a few are absolutely dangerous to health, ill ventilated and regular fire traps. The government has to-day tens of records that could never be replaced and the results of work that cost years of labor and many thousands of money stowed away in buildings that make no pretense to being fire-proof.

And these statements are not only true of buildings rented by the government; they apply with equal force to several buildings owned by the government. The most notorious example is the government printing office. The government showed what it could do for its workmen and women when a few years ago it built the substantial and delightful bureau of printing and engraving, but nothing has ever been done to ameliorate the condition of the employees of the more extensive government printing office, where work goes on day and night. As Senator Morrill told the Senate the other day, this building makes absolutely no claim to being fire-proof.

It is a crazy old pile of barracks, one tacked onto the other, and having the general appearance of an old time tobacco factory. The comparatively light walls are raked by the heavy machinery and the insufficient floors sag under the weight of material. The place is a veritable death trap. Winding passages thread bewildering and crowded ways. Everywhere workmen are crowded into the least possible space and surrounded by the finest machinery and the most costly material that money can buy. There are stacks and stacks of electrotype plates that could only be reproduced at the cost of many thousands of dollars.

The light in the building is not good, but it is brilliant compared with the ventilation and the heating. The overcrowded in such times as during the last recess, when the last of 3,000 bills were being put into type for Congress, only serves to retard work. About the only things that can be said for the building is that it is located near the Capital, which is of importance to expedite the business of the Record, and that the location is in a neighborhood where employees of moderate means can live near their work.

The necessity of using only fire-proof buildings can not be overestimated. The Treasury department was once destroyed by fire; the Patent office has been twice damaged by fire; the Congressional library and the Smithsonian have also suffered severely.

One of the most crying needs, though of course it is a matter of local interest is for a new city post-office. The present building is a miserable shell, unsafe and unhealthy. No city of its size in this country has such an inferior post-office building.

The tourist who sees the Capitol and the main department buildings and goes away with the idea that the government business is transacted in palaces, departs in blissful ignorance of the evils that niggardly legislation have perpetuated, until the day of reform can no longer be delayed.

The mourning in the families of Secretaries Blaine and Tracy throws a sombre pall over society, and in administration circles the feeling of depression is oppressive. The President takes these repeated misfortunes to the members of his Cabinet as personal sorrow. "Old women of both sexes" as Victor Hugo calls them, murmur that this is an unlucky administration. It certainly is not a happy one just now.

Secretary Tracy and the shocking loss of his wife and daughter with a singular fortune hardly realizing in the fullest sense the measure of his bereavement. It is expected that he will go abroad with his son and remaining daughter.

Secretary Blaine's loss of his daughter, following as it did so closely the death of his favorite son, impresses him deeply, how deeply may be seen in his changed and aged appearance.

An Editor's Woes.

A CALIFORNIA JOURNALIST WHO CAN'T RUN A HOUSE AND A PAPER.

From the Uniontown (Cgl.) Genius.
We want a girl to do general housework, and if our readers are interested in the success of the paper they will help us to secure one. We can't do the housework and at the same time edit the paper, nor do we dislike the housework particularly, but we find that they do not go well together. We find that we can't think prodigious tariff thoughts in a satisfactory way while washing dishes and bed clothes; nor does the divine afflatus seem to hover round about us when engaged in such work.

We may not be as versatile as a man should be to occupy our position, but we can't help that. While, as we have remarked, we do not specially dislike the necessary work about a house, we prefer under the circumstances to hire a girl rather than an editor, principally because of the difference in cost. You will get a better paper if you send us a girl. Not too attractive, and one who does not require too much superintending.

An Entire Family Drowned.

FATHER, MOTHER AND FOUR CHILDREN LOSE THEIR LIVES WITHIN AN HOUR.
KINGSTON, N. Y., February 9.—The four children of Jacob R. Slater were skating on the lake at Bennewater, about six miles from here, this forenoon, when the ice, which was but a few inches thick, gave way and the little ones were precipitated into the water. Their shouts were heard by the members of the family who lived near by, and the father and mother rushed to the scene. By the time the parents reached the lake the children had disappeared beneath the ice.

The mother, frantic with the thought of her children's peril, rushed upon the ice, which gave way beneath her weight and she sank below the surface. Mr. Slater then attempted to reach his wife and he, too, was drowned. The entire family is wiped out of existence. To-night hundreds of people are gathered about the lake searching for their bodies.

A Novel Project.

When it was stated some weeks since in the newspapers that the building of a milk line from a point in New York State to New York City was projected there was a rather general smile, and the matter was treated as a joke. The projectors were, however, in earnest. A company with a capital of \$500,000 has, it is announced been formed at Middleton, N. Y., for the purpose of constructing such a line. The proposed method of forwarding the milk is in cylinders in cans surrounded and propelled by water, and the promoters of the scheme assert that the time of transportation for a distance of 100 miles will not exceed an hour, while the profit will be about one cent a gallon. Fire and Water thinks if this sort of thing goes on, we need not be surprised ere long to find New York the converging point not only of oil, natural gas, and milk pipe lines, but of whisky ducts from the blue grass regions, and beer ducts from Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Milwaukee. The pipe manufacturers may well feel cheerful at the prospect before them.

Developing Genius.

Genius unexercised is no more genius than a bushel of acorns is a forest of oaks. There may be epics in men's brains, just as there are oaks in acorns, but the tree and book must come out before we can measure them. We very naturally recall here that class of grumblers and wishers who spend their time in longing to be higher than they are, while they should be employed in advancing themselves. How many men would fain go to bed dunes and wake up Solomons! You reap what you have sown. Those who sow dunes seed, vice seed, laziness seed, usually get a crop. They that sow wind, reap a whirlwind. A man of mere "capacity undeveloped" is only an organized day dream, with a skin on it. A flint and a genius that will not strike fire are no better than wet junk food.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

A man in the town of Franklin, this State is taxed nine cents on real estate and \$3.50 on dogs. Possibly he carries his real estate with him.

The average pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood, 80; at 60 years, 60. Females are faster—that is their pulse are faster—than the males.

A Milfin woman threw some medicine in the fire, and an explosion took place which carried the stove out of doors. Better that than the patient, probably.

Sam in Kansas they have a sect of "Samaritans" who drink blood as a remedy for all diseases. What Kansas hasn't got in the way of queer people must be sought for in museums and asylums.

An entirely new rose, called the rainbow rose, was exhibited at a recent flower show in San Francisco and received the first prize. It is small, of a delicate shade of rose pink, with darker bars running lengthwise of the petals.

Mr. Gladstone has published no fewer than 299 books and pamphlets, exclusive of numerous newspaper and magazine articles. As among them, however, he has published no poetry, his long life may be readily accounted for.

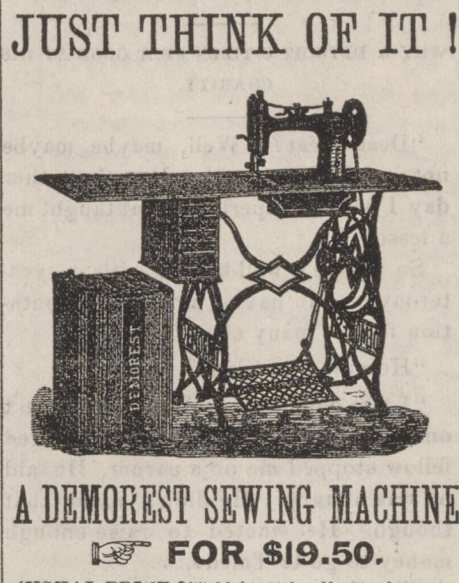
A woman named Shaw is the plaintiff in a queer suit in New York State. She was a widow and offered \$14,000 for a husband. A young man accepted the offer and got the money. Now Mrs. Shaw seems to have repented of her bargain, for she began an action against Mr. Shaw in the Supreme court in Westchester county asking for an accounting of the estate and a judgment against the property, claiming that her bought husband was only the trustee.

A boy in the employ of the Lincoln District Telegraph Company, at Lincoln, Neb., stands out somewhat conspicuously. Having been sent to the depot with a message for a gentleman about to leave on a train, he arrived just as the train was pulling out. He did not propose, however, to lose his man, so jumping on the rear car he pulled the bell rope, stopped the train, found his man and got off the train while the brakeman was looking for the cause of the alarm.

1022 Walnut St., Philadelphia.
W. H. WALMSLEY, LIMITED,
Scientific Manufacturing Opticians.
OCULIST'S PRESCRIPTIONS
Carefully and Cheaply Executed.
30 Years Experience and the employment of the best workmen enables us to Guarantee Satisfaction always.
ORDINARY CASES OF DEFECTIVE VISION TREATED BY CORRESPONDENCE.
Photographic Outfits For Amateurs Of Every Description. Instruction Free.
Illustrated Catalogue mailed free. 2 Jan 90

STORE GOODS
—SELLING—
BELOW COST
Having sold the store property, the store stock on hand, embracing a
Large Variety of Goods
—WILL BE SOLD—
BELOW COST!
with a view of Closing Up the business. As a consequence
GREAT BARGAINS!
Are offered. Don't miss the opportunity. Men's Boots selling at \$2.00. Gum Boots for Men and Boys, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Dry Goods and Hardware at astonishing prices.

Mrs. H. G. Schwenk.
Old Perkiomen Bridge Store Stand!
189y
JUST THINK OF IT!
A DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE
FOR \$19.50.
(USUAL PRICE \$55.00.) with all attachments. Money refunded if not as represented.
Direct from the manufacturers the
Snag - Proof Gum Boot!
No better made; every pair warranted to give satisfaction. Full stock of
Freed's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes.
Our ladies \$1.68 buttoned kid shoe has no equal. Fine kid infant shoes only 85c.



DRY GOODS:
Remnants of Canton flannel, 3 to 15 yards, only 10c. yd. Would cost you 12 1/2c. if cut from piece. Calicoes of the best quality for quilting, 6c. yd. Fast color gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. Cheviots, good, 4 yds. for 35c. 4 yds. toweling for 50c. An elegant feather bed ticking, 15c. yd. All-wool bed blankets, very cheap, \$2.95. Horse blankets from 75c. to \$3.00. You should see our 38c. Cashmeres, half-wool. Quilting cotton, 10 to 15c. lb.
HATS AND CAPS.—Latest styles gents' stiff and soft hats for fall and winter. An elegant Derby hat for \$1.50. A good every-day wool hat for 50c. Large assortment of neckwear, underwear, etc. A big drive in 28 inch umbrellas, 75c. Zellersville hand-knit jackets are here at \$2.50 and \$3.00.

GROCERIES!
Have the finest line of table syrup in the market. Extra No. 1 fat new mackerel and mackerel in buckets, \$1.30. Fine white fish, 6c. lb. Pure white wine vinegar, 25c. gal. New York full cream cheese a specialty. Try a pound of Libberia Coffee, 33c. Extra fine flavor Rio Coffee, 25c. Beautiful patterns of Oil Cloths at 55, 65, 85 and 95c. yd. 3 yds. wide. Always on hand and fresh cement, calcined plaster, drugs, oils, paints, etc.

W. P. FENTON,
21feb COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
GREAT - BARGAINS
—AT THE—
Keystone Dry Goods Store
NORRISTOWN, PA.
—WE ARE RECEIVING—
New Dress Goods Daily
AT THE LOWEST PHILADELPHIA PRICES.
Bargains in Fall and Winter Underwear for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children.
Buyers will find the best 37 1/2c. Shirts for men in town.
—BUYERS WILL FIND IN OUR NEW—
STOCK OF FALL AND WINTER
COATS - AND - WRAPS
A NUMBER OF GREAT BARGAINS.

We have also received from a New York Closing Sale a lot of Coats at \$2.75, worth \$5.00. We have reduced a lot of Coats to one-half their original selling price. Also a great variety of Children's Coats, pretty and cheap.

Binden
Ladies and Gents' Hair Dressing Parlors. Natural Curly Bangs, and Manufacturer of Ladies' Goods in general. Mail order promptly attended to.
19TH ST., AB. CHESTNUT, PHILADELPHIA.

RUPTURE
Thousands have been permanently cured by
DR. J. MAYER'S ARCHST
PHILADELPHIA, PA. Ease at once, no operation, no loss of time from business. Cases pronounced incurable by others waited. Send for Circular.
CURE GUARANTEED. Office Hours 9 to 5.

J. M. ZIMMERMAN,
Near Collegeville, Pa.,
—DEALER IN—
Milk, Butter, Cottage Cheese, &c.
Vegetables in Season.
Pure milk delivered every morning to residents of Collegeville and vicinity. Butter and cheese delivered Wednesday and Saturday mornings.
18sep38m
FREE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
We will give complete instructions for beautifying your complexion; for the permanent removal of superfluous hair; for dispelling wrinkles; for banishing freckles, blackheads, and creating a nice, new white skin; for preserving the teeth and purifying the breath; for preserving and restoring the hair, call at office for a sample of Elite Complexion Soap. Enclose 2c. stamp for particulars. ELITE TOILET COMPANY, 1025 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GREATEST BARGAINS
—IN—
Store Goods!
EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE.

Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Cheviots, Table Linens, &c. Cashmeres, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods! Hats, Caps, &c. and the

Largest Stock of Shoes

For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to be found in any country store, and in quality and price we take the lead. Men's Brogans, \$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up to \$5.

Queensware
Crockeryware
Earthenware, Hardware, Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c.

FRESH GROCERIES
IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

Good Rice, 4 pounds for 25 cents; Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents; good Corn, 3 cans for 25 cents. No trash kept in stock.

F. B. RUSHONG,
TRAPPE, PA.
NEW DRESS GOODS!

Coat Cloths and Jackets,
—FOR THE—
FALL AND WINTER OF '89-90.
—AT—
Howard Leopold's, Pottstown.

WE HAVE FOR SOME TIME BEEN RECEIVING from the Leading Importers of New York and Philadelphia the Choicest Variety of High Grades of DRESS GOODS ever shown in Pottstown. Among them are
Finest French Serges at \$1.25 and \$1.50, in Plain Colors, and also in H. do. Plaid and Mixtures.
Fine French Henrietta Cloths in all the New Shades, 62 1/2c., 75c., 87 1/2c., 1.00 and \$1.25.
Fine English Henriettas, a yard and a quarter wide, for 50c.—a bargain.
New Side Band Cloths.
New Cloths in beautiful combinations of colors in Stripes and Plaids.
New Shades in American Cashmeres. Pure Wool Filling, at 10c.
New Double Width Cashmeres, worth 25c.; at 22 1/2c.
Elegant Styles in New Dress Gingham and Satens.
New Choice Cloths for Spring Jackets in Colors and Blacks.
We have the best and finest line of JERSEY COATS, for the prices, to be found in America. We had them made to order by a leading manufacturer, who makes both the cloth and the garments, and sells them to only large dealers and manufacturers.
Bottom Prices for Sheetings, Table Linens, Tickings and Towelings.

NEW SHADES IN NEW DRESS GINGHAMS AND SATENS.
New Choice Cloths for Spring Jackets in Colors and Blacks.
We have the best and finest line of JERSEY COATS, for the prices, to be found in America. We had them made to order by a leading manufacturer, who makes both the cloth and the garments, and sells them to only large dealers and manufacturers.
Bottom Prices for Sheetings, Table Linens, Tickings and Towelings.

HOWARD LEOPOLD,
POTTSTOWN, PA.
WEBB'S UNPARALLELED OFFER
Until further notice I will make you
One Dozen Finest Cabinet Photographs for \$2.00.
Or Half Dozen Cabinets and a LIFE SIZE CRAYON, framed in 3 1/4 inch handsome gold frame (size 22 by 27 inches) all for \$7.00.
Our work is as fine as any in Philadelphia, and we guarantee you perfect satisfaction in every particular or no pay. This is an unparalleled offer. Come and see.

HARRY A. WEBB, Photographer,
31oc6m 112 & 114 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

DR. THEEL
538 NORTH FOURTH ST., below
Green. Philadelphia, Guarantees
cure and is ready to accept by diploma of
medicine that he cures both sexes permanently,
quicker and safer than all
others, no matter how protracted their
suffering. DR. THEEL challenges them
all for a purse of \$10,000 in curing
Specimens of
Diseases, Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Youthful Errors, Pimples, Uterus, Inflammations, Swellings, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Melancholy, Pain and Obstructions. Fresh cases cured in Four to Ten days
RELIEF AT ONCE in the Worst Cases, DON'T BE HUMBUGGED by quacks, their books and
bulletins and experience which they do not possess their fraudulent guarantees and low considerations are
Sufferers for both Truth and good results. Write for book, Tracts and testimonials. Hours: 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturday
Pottsville, O. 1125. Pottsville, O. 1125. Send for Circular. For Reference: Med. & Nat. Lib. Times

H. W. ALLEGER.
1870 1889
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
FROM \$85 to \$45
This elegant Parlor Organ, style 80, containing 8 octaves, 4 sets of reeds, 10 stops, 2 kneeboards. Stool and book free. For only \$45.00. With right-handled coupler. "Warranted for 5 years." Circular free to all.
It is only necessary to send references to your responsibility from any banker, postmaster, merchant or express agent and the Organ will be shipped promptly on ten days' test trial.
I sell Direct to Families without cost. LOWEST PRICES IN AMERICA. Mention Paper where this "AD" is seen. 25 Year Mfg. Organs. No connection with any other house. \$45.00
H. W. ALLEGER,
WASHINGTON, N. J.
MRS. S. L. PUGH.
TRAPPE, PA.,
Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

AT GOTWALS' STORE,
PROVIDENCE - SQUARE,
You will find just about what you want.
IN THE LINE OF STAPLE DRY GOODS
You can see over 200 different styles and qualities for Suitings for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please anyone. Fit guaranteed. SATTEENS AND GINGHAMS, PRINTS AND LAWS, FOR THE LADIES.
Choice - Groceries - for - Everybody.
Save 50 per cent. by buying Sewing Machines at Gotwals' Store, Providence Square. I sell the Favorite, the best in construction and most easily operated. It runs very easy, and is adapted for tailor work as well as for fine dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.
HARDWARE for the builder. A full line of the very best Mixed Paints. (A guarantee sold with every gallon.) and in fact anything you want from a needle to an anchor. Come all and examine our goods for yourselves. Yours very truly,
JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.
—Winter is Approaching and Every Family Should—
Lay in a Supply of Culbert's Remedies!
TO BE PREPARED FOR ALL EMERGENCIES.
Cough Syrup, for Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, &c.
Liniment for Sprains, Bruises, Rheumatism, Burns, &c.
Worm Syrup, Safe and Effective.
Cream of Camphor for Chapped Hands and Face.
Liver Pills for Bileousness, Constipation, &c.
Bird Seed, Mixed and Plain.
(We mix our own seed, and therefore can give you the best obtainable in the market.)
Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts. | Genuine Imported Castile Soap.
JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

NEW STYLES are especially prominent in the great quantity and the splendid variety of our collection of
LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S
CLOAKS, - MANTLES - AND - WRAPS

Without making any special opening, the stock is now complete and ready for inspection. It contains the latest and most fashionable garments, that are perfect in workmanship and style. The sizes and patterns are so complete that a fit is assured and the proper style ready to meet your taste. The prices are as varied as the garments, but in every case the price is as low as such well made goods can be bought anywhere. These are some of the patterns and styles in detail:
HANDSOME BRAIDED GARMENTS in black and colored beaver cloth.
TIGHT-FITTING NEWMARKETS in various materials and colors.
OUR SPECIAL SEAL PLUSH COAT at \$30 we claim passes all rivalry that we have seen. Will you examine it!
CLOTH MODERNA, directoire front, tight-fitting rest, trimmed with passementerie.
CONEMARE AND PEASANT CIRCULARS in all colors of cloth.
LOOSE FRONT VEST JACKETS in all colors of beaver cloth and trimmed with braid.
LOOSE-FITTING NEWMARKETS in all colors of beaver cloth, elaborately braided and finished with ornaments.
TIGHT-FITTING NEWMARKETS in directoire style, plain finish.
MODERNA STYLE of seal plush with ornaments.
SEAL PLUSH WRAPS, quilted satin lining, trimmed with passementerie and seal ornaments.
CLOSE-FITTING NEWMARKETS with coat back, and braided front and back to correspond.
SEAL PLUSH JACKETS quilted satin lining and seal ornaments.
PEASANT CLOAKS in fine imported plaids and stripes in medium weight goods.
CLOTH WRAPS handsomely braided and trimmed with ornaments.
We have the largest stock of MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S COATS and NEWMARKETS ever displayed in Norristown.
CHILDREN'S AND MISSES' GARMENTS, SHORT COATS, NEW-MARKETS, GRETCHEN AND DIRECTOIRE COATS, &c.
In such great variety that it is not wise to try to enumerate them. After buying a coat be sure to ask for one of our beautiful chromo souvenirs of this season's display in our coat department.

I. H. BRENDLINGER'S
Leading Dry Goods, Trimmings and Carpet Store,
76, 78, 80 and 82 Main St., Norristown, Pa.

STOCK TAKING IS OVER!
The results of last year have been very satisfactory. But our inventory tells us we have about \$10,000 more stock than we should have at this time of the season. What are we going to do about it?

SIMPLY THIS: We have taken pen and red ink, scratched out the old price and put a new one in RED LETTERS, thus lopping off from 20 to 40 per cent. on all garments. No matter what prices you see quoted by would-be competitors, take this advice, don't let Low Prices blind you to Good Quality. See the quality of the garments we are offering and the prices thereon. If we can't beat all rivalry, quality and prices considered, then we'll give up.

We herewith enumerate a few articles taken from our great Stock.

Men's fine quality Kersey Overcoats, silk faced and sleeve lined, from \$10 to \$7.
Men's all-wool wide wale Cassimere Overcoats, from \$14 to \$10.
Men's very finest English Melton Overcoats, reduced from \$15 to \$12.
See our grand all-wool Men's Suits, reduced to \$7.50, \$8.50, \$10.00.
Boys' Long Pants Suits, ages 10 & 11 only, from \$4 to \$2.50.
If you have a boy 10 or 11 years old, here's a bonanza chance to ring him out cheap, \$5.00.
Boys' Overcoats reduced to \$1.19, \$2, \$2.50, \$3, \$4, ages 9 to 18 years.
A Tornado of Reductions all through our stock. See our reduced goods first. You have the privilege of looking further. We know you'll come back.

A. Weitzenkorn & Sons,
The Largest Clothiers in the Interior of Pennsylvania,
141 & 143 High Street, - Pottstown, Pa.

THE COLLEGEVILLE
Meat & Provision Store
A Full Line of
Fresh and Smoked
Meats always on hand.
Hams, Shoulders and Dried Beef by the piece or chopped, and Bologna. Fresh Vegetables in season.
Give me a call.
J. WESLEY GOTWALS.
Wm. J. THOMPSON,
—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—
BEEF, —
VEAL, —
—MUTTON, —
Visits Collegeville, Trappe, and vicinity on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings of each week. Thankful to the public for past favors he invites continued patronage. Highest cash price paid for calves.
WM. J. THOMPSON,
LOWER PROVIDENCE, PA.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, February 13, 1890.

TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published. As an advertising medium the "Independent" ranks among the most desirable papers, having a large and steadily increasing circulation in various localities throughout the county.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

We publish the following schedule gratuitously for the convenience of our readers.
Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.	
Milk.....	6.36 a. m.
Accommodation.....	8.03 a. m.
Market.....	1.10 p. m.
Accommodation.....	4.16 p. m.
FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.	
Mail.....	8.03 a. m.
Accommodation.....	9.11 a. m.
Market.....	3.20 p. m.
Accommodation.....	6.47 p. m.
MILK.	
Milk.....	6.36 a. m.
Accommodation.....	4.37 p. m.
NORTH.	
Accommodation.....	9.44 a. m.
Milk.....	5.45 p. m.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks

From Abroad.

—He wanted to insure his life.
Yet dreaded to go in;
He didn't like a venture where
He had to die to win.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—The above has naught to do with the fiery Lower Providence correspondents.

—Who are trying to reduce each other to pulp, on paper.

—The scribe hardly anticipated so much fume and fuss.

—Now, justice to all sides compels a brief continuation of the inkings' fusilade.

—Until the cruel war is over we pray the Mayor of Evansburg to do what lies in his power to quell the riot over in Jersey.

—Zeke, Crusee, and Friday may get some day shake hands across the deep and yawning chasm. We hope so. Life is too short for long and bitter hatreds.

—After the storm will come sunshine, after the battle will come peace, and after peace the warring triumvirate may embrace each other and wonder how it all happened.

—St. Valentine's day, to-morrow (Friday). If you are impelled to mail a valentine to some one, be sure that it is a tender missive.

—Rev. Abraham Grater, of this place, has been seriously ill the past week, suffering from a bronchial affection. At this writing he is reported somewhat better.

—The Perkiomen and Sunnyside Turnpike Company recently declared an annual dividend of 7 per cent.

—Mrs. John Fegley died of typhoid fever at her home, near Fagleyville, Sunday night, aged 23. A husband and two children survive.

—A handsome two-seated phaeton for sale cheap at the Collegeville Carriage Works.

—If you contemplate making a public sale remember that an advertisement in the *INDEPENDENT* is just what you want. Neat and attractive posters printed at this office.

—The February Argument Court opened at Norristown Monday morning, and quite a number of civil cases will be heard the present week.

—The Republicans of Norristown have nominated John McArthur for Burgess. The Democrats have nominated Thomas B. Evans, foreman of the Defender.

—Colonel John W. Schall was appointed postmaster of Norristown beginning of the present week; and another prolonged and lively scramble for office has subsided.

Prof. Ralph Royer, leader of the Royer musical family, Trappe, will give a concert in Music Hall, Norristown, on Thursday evening, February 20. The family will be assisted by distinguished musicians from Philadelphia.

—We tender Editor Rennyson our most affectionate regards, and indulge the hope that his next visit to the White House will effect a result that will be felt, heard, and observed. We still take stock in Brother Rennyson.

—Isaac Stierly, of near Yerkess, will sell his live stock, farming implements, &c., at public sale, on Wednesday, March 19. See posters and adv., later.

—The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Montgomery county, has made an assessment of \$1.00 on each \$1,000 insurance, payable on or before March 28.

—A. J. Henning, of Norristown, has been committed to jail in default of \$800 bail on a charge of stealing goods and collecting the money therefor, preferred by a Philadelphia tailor.

—A. R. Cox, proprietor of Cox's brewery, Norristown, died Wednesday of last week in Philadelphia. For many years the deceased was a prominent citizen of Norristown.

—At the Sheriff's sale of the personal effects of A. L. Ebert, at Mingo, yesterday, were fair. The entire stock with a very few exceptions, was bought by George Hollenbach for Mr. Ebert.

A Serious Fall.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. E. D. Boyer, of Evansburg, the venerable mother of Treasurer-elect H. K. Boyer, stumbled and fell while walking out of doors and sustained painful injuries about the head and face.

In Bloom.

In Dr. Sunderland's yard, this place, there is a Japanese Quince shrub in full bloom. The Dr. has kindly favored the scribe with a cluster of blossoms, which is now on exhibition at this office. Quite a rarity at this season of the year.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Managers of the Perkiomen Valley Mutual Fire and Storm Insurance Company held their quarterly meeting at Gross' hotel, this place, on Tuesday last. Business of a purely routine character was transacted, including an extensive dinner, of course.

School Directors to be Nominated.

A meeting will be held at Dorworth's hotel, Trappe, Friday evening, February 14, at 7 o'clock, sharp, to place in nomination candidates for School Directors in the Independent district, to succeed Messrs. Chas. Tyson and A. V. Peley. A full attendance of citizens is desired.

Captured.

It is thought the thief who broke into the railroad station house at Ironbridge, one night last month, and stole a number of articles, has been captured. Some of the stolen goods was found last week in the possession of Charles Geyer, of Norristown, and he was at once arrested. It is probable that Geyer will be tried at court.

Virginia Horses.

D. H. Casselberry arrived at his stables, near this place, Monday, with a carload of Virginia horses, comprising excellent workers and drivers and several promising steppers. Mr. Casselberry is a veteran dealer and his selection of horses for this market guarantees full value for money expended. Go and see the horses.

A Public Discussion.

An interesting public discussion will be held in Industrial Hall, Schwenksville, on Saturday evening, the 15th inst. "Should compulsory education be adopted?" will be affirmed by Albert Bromer and Lewis R. Harley, of Schwenksville, and negated by Charles A. Wagner, of Graders Ford, and John T. Wagner, of Ironbridge.

Lower Providence Nominations.

The Republicans of Lower Providence met at Eagleville last Saturday evening and formed the following ticket, which is expected to sweep the hurricane deck next Tuesday: Judge of Elections, W. P. Ellis; Inspector, J. Frank Voorhees; Justice of the Peace, D. M. Casselberry; Constable, John C. Johnson; School Directors, Isaac Meschter and Daniel M. Anders; Supervisors, E. M. Cleaver and Albert Crawford; Tax Collector, John C. Johnson; Town Clerk, J. C. Custer.

Carriage Works Leased.

Harry Moore, the well-known blacksmith at Perkiomen Bridge, has leased of R. P. Baldwin the Collegeville Carriage Works, the blacksmith shop and the wheelwright and painting rooms. Mr. Moore will have control of the wheelwright department, having leased the paint shop to Mr. Valentine. Mr. Raymond Grater, now of Schwenksville and an excellent wood-worker, will superintend the wheelwright shop, while the Boss will shoe horses, iron vehicles, &c., just as he is doing now.

Death of Mrs. Kauffman.

Mrs. Walter Kauffman died Monday at the residence of her father, Isaac Kratz, on the Trappe road, this township, aged 23 years. Mrs. Kauffman suffered from an attack of grippe, a couple of weeks ago, which culminated in typhoid pneumonia. The deceased leaves a husband and one child, a father and mother, several brothers and sisters. The bereaved families have the sympathy of many friends. The funeral will be held on Saturday next at 10 a. m. Interment at Lower Providence Baptist cemetery.

Obituary.

YERKES, PA., Feb. 10, 1890.
Sacred to the memory of Miss Ella B. Bird, who died at her father's residence, near Mont Clare, Feb. 5, 1890, aged about 24 years. The funeral was held on Sunday, Feb. 9, 1890. Interment at Green Tree cemetery. The following were the pall bearers: Geo. Peteroff, Daniel Gotswald, Clinton Crist, Jonathan Keonig, John Peteroff and John Detwiler.

It is so—it is a reality that she is gone—has left her kind father, sisters, brothers and friends to mourn her loss? Can it be that she has left those to whom she was bound by many endearing ties—can it be that her gentle voice will no longer linger around the loved home—stead and in our social circles. Yes, she is gone, but not forgotten. God has given her a place which was set for her in some vacant, never to be filled. The form that was active but a few weeks ago, and full of pleasure and hope, for a long life, lies now silent in the tomb. Yes, all is hushed. That great Master Death came and took her away from all that is near and dear, to a long and endless eternity. Death comes we know not when or where. So with our young friend. In the midst of all her pleasures, her labors and future plans, she was bid to leave her earthly home and go to that eternal world, "from whence no traveler has ever returned" to tell of the wonders there. Yes, she is gone, but not forgotten. 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THE PROPER CARE OF A COLT.
We will start with the suckling at the day of its birth, and presume that it is of good parentage, both sire and dam, that it is sound and able to stand and walk within fifteen minutes after it breathes. At the age of a week most farmers come to work the dam and let the suckling follow around as best he can, and at the age of four months, the colt being then of sufficient age to wean, the dam has performed a good summer's work, worked just as hard as her gelding mate with no colt. This method is entirely wrong. The heated blood, tiresome labor of both mare and colt is really killing both.

The mare and colt during the first four, five or six months should be kept in good pasture where there is plenty of good water and shade. While it may be practicable to wean the colt at four months, we certainly prefer six, and now comes the most important period of the entire five years of the colt's growth, and if starved or stunted the first winter it never fully recovers. Not only the size, but the whole frame of the animal is injured, never to be regained.

The colt should be fed on plenty of good, clean hay, plenty of water at all times, and we would give half and half of ground oats and wheat bran twice a day, about two quarts at a mess. We give this dry, but if scalded and then cooled it will be better. A well-to-do farmer told me once, this would be too much; I think he was right for the first week or two, but certainly not for the cold winter days, nor the spring either. I asked him what damage it would do; his answer was too rapid a growth. He had previously told me that he would treat a colt as he would a boy. I asked him if he ever knew too big a growth of boy, but to this there was no answer. The colt should have a warm place to protect himself from cold weather and storms, a bed of dry straw or sawdust to sleep upon, or to lie down at pleasure; he must not be confined to the stable, but have a yard, or, better still, an open field to run in; in no case should he be allowed to stand on a hard floor.—Dunton's Spirit.

SMUT IN WHEAT.
Smut in wheat was once a great cause of loss and complaint, and it was found that the smut increased when smutty seed was used. I found by making a strong brine with blue vitriol dissolved in it, putting it in a tub large enough to hold a tight basket in which the seed wheat was placed—the wheat stirred and skimmed, then raised out of the brine and allowed to drain, when it was poured out or put in bags and so remained twelve to twenty-four hours, and then sown in the usual manner. I never found this to fail as a remedy in wheat. The strong brine was useful to float out light and probably diseased grains, and also to perfectly introduce the vitriol to all the grains of wheat. Two years ago, thinking of this, I poured my seed corn on the floor and poured among it a solution of blue vitriol and gave it a good stirring. But it will be seen that that way of applying the vitriol did not surely reach every grain. The result was much less smut than in former years.—Hoard's Dairyman.

MAKING PORK TOO FAT.
The evil of over fattening pork is less common than it used to be. Two reasons have combined to make lean meat more popular. The doctors taught that it was more healthful and nutritious than the fat, and about the same time the use of other oils decreased the price of lard so that excessive fat pork was neither profitable nor needed. The change in ways of feeding has also had something to do with making pork more wholesome. Corn is no longer the exclusive food even for fattening. The best practice now is to feed the rations that will make hogs grow and keep thrifty from the time it is born until it is killed. There may be exceptions to this in animals kept for breeders; but all others should be fat enough for use from the time they are the right size for roasting. By the liberal use of milk, oatmeal and peas growth is promoted, along with at all times enough fat to make delicious pork, far better than that made by starving the animal while young, and over-feeding with corn as they become older.

SUBSOIL PLOWING.
Very much has been said and written on the advantages to be derived from breaking up the hard, compact subsoil underlying the stratum cultivated. Commonly, subsoils will be found lacking in the elements of fertility, and bringing them to the surface will usually be found detrimental than otherwise. Where there has been a continuous shallow plowing of the surface soil for years a slightly deeper

deeper plowing will add to the feeding area of the plants, but unless the surface soil is itself rich it must be accompanied by liberal manuring. As the great bulk of the roots of our cultivated plants grow naturally near the surface, it seems to me that subsoiling for the purpose of increasing the feeding area is not of sufficient importance to pay the expense; we must look somewhere else for its benefits if it has enough to recommend it for general adoption. It is now coming to be pretty well understood that when a crop has carried off from a soil of moderate fertility the plant food that has been used up in its production it must be supplied from an outside source and cannot be obtained simply by deep plowing, whether the subsoil is brought to the surface or simply stirred up and left in its place. So far as my own observation and little experience go, the advantages of subsoiling mainly consist in affording additional storage for water that may be drawn upon by the roots of plants in seasons of drought; and in season of excessive moisture the subsoiling may itself be injurious.—N. Y. World.

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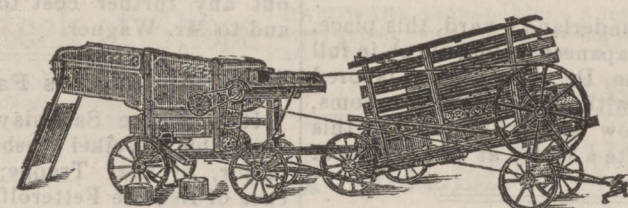
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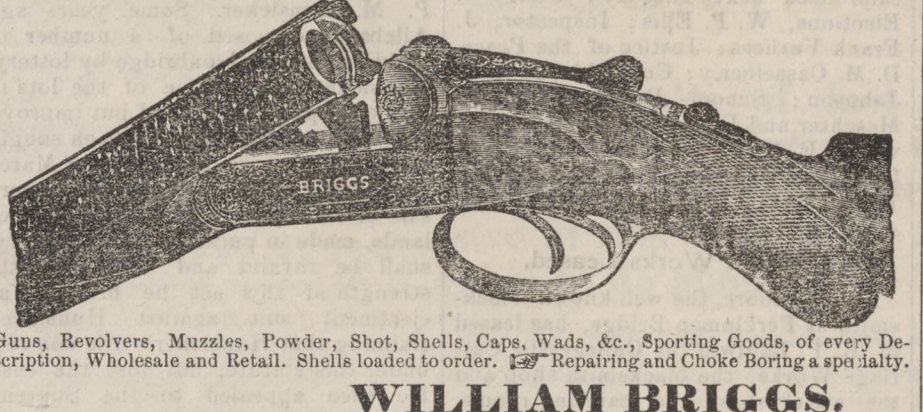
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